How Do I Love Thee?

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How Do I Love Thee?

by harleygirl2648

Summary

...let me count the ways.

Snapshots of domestic life between Will and Hannibal, with pastries, boat motors, and dancing.

Notes

This will be my 50th fanfiction ever posted to AO3! To think, my first piece was a FredSquared fic, way back in season 2 of Hannibal. I've come a long way from the beginning, and thank you everyone who left a comment or a kudos, you all keep me going! Enjoy this little slice of fluff!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal awoke in the morning to the side of the bed dipping down and became enveloped in the scent of Will's shower gel and shampoo, and coffee, and pastries. He turned over to the other side to be greeted with the sight of Will in a towel with wet curls he was pushing back from his forehead as he read something on the tablet, while discretely sweeping crumbs off of the bed onto the floor from the flaky pastry he was biting into. Then he noticed that Hannibal was actually awake and he chuckled a little bit around his mouthful, wiping his mouth off with a cheap paper napkin that was definitely not kept in this house.

"Good morning," he laughed, setting the napkin back down on a paper plate. "I'm not apologizing, it's a warm hazelnut tartlet, I was going to eat it here, where it is also warm."

"I would expect nothing less," Hannibal says with a laugh, reaching out his hand to take Will's, and had to hold back a purr when Will squeezed his hand in return. "Where did you get it?"

"Cephy and I went for a run early this morning, the bakery down the way just opened as we passed. I know you love these things, so I thought I'd pick some up."

"I'm grateful," Hannibal said, sitting up fully now in order to enjoy the treat placed at the bedside table, along with a cup of coffee. He took a sip of the coffee first, pleased and possibly a little touch that it was perfect, with exactly two teaspoons of sugar and a dash of cream. "Thank you," he mentions to Will as he sets down the cup. Will smiles as he reads from the tablet. They seem to have fallen into a habit of reading Tattle Crime boards and theories of their whereabouts.

"Did you know we were seen outside of a K-Mart in Wyoming?" he said, his tone serious but tease just on the edges of his words. "No details as to whether you were in a cheap polo shirt and sandals or not."

"I am deeply offended," Hannibal said, trying to sound indignant. Will just laughs, leaning his head on Hannibal's shoulder.

"I'm disappointed, honestly," he sighed, mock grief in his voice. "I would have loved to see your château in the woods in the middle of absolutely nowhere. Really roughing it with imported merlot, brie cheese, and silk sheets." He couldn't keep it up and just snickered instead. Hannibal couldn't resist pressing a kiss to his temple, content to rest here for just a few more moments.

Hannibal paused, leaning against one of the posts on their private pier, watching with a glass of wine in hand as he watched Will up to his elbow in motor oil. He wiped his face, leaving a streak across his forehead as he looked up and smiled.

"What a voyeur you are," he teased.

“I’m merely taken with the view,” Hannibal replied, setting down a glass of water on a nearby surface. “You know, I would have purchased you a new boat, one that you didn’t need to work on.”

“I like it,” Will shrugged, wiping his hands off with a rag. “It gives me something else to do, and it’s not too difficult. Just have to replace the spark plugs and clean out the old fluid. Shouldn’t take long. And then I can indulge your personal fantasy of drawing me leaning off the side of the boat and I’m pretending like I don’t notice.”

“Have you been poking around inside of my mind again?”

“It’s the empathy,” Will smiled, stealing a quick kiss and also the wine glass, taking a sip of it before handing it back. “Couldn’t resist.”

“I do not expect you to,” Hannibal replied, unable to fight the smile on his face. “I’ll leave you to your work.”

Will nodded, leaning up again to receive another kiss. “I’ll be up for lunch.”

“I’ll wait for you,” Hannibal said without a second thought, pondering his own words as he carefully sliced the pastrami he’d kept wrapped in a special compartment in the fridge.

I’ll wait for you.

He never waited for anything in his life. Ever. Before Will. He could remember at least four different times during those three years of captivity where it would have been so easy to escape and vanish back into the world, evade capture, live without a care in the world again.

But he never did. He was waiting, he was content as he could possibly be to just wait for the day Will would return. And now, the only thing he had to wait for was for Will to finish his work to come back inside.

And he did, laughing at their overly excited dog who was demanding a treat for the sheer reason that she hadn’t received one yet that day.

He savors the wink he himself receives when Will joins him in the kitchen and kisses him slowly. It tastes like fresh motor oil, bitter but clean, and coffee, and remnants of cinnamon toothpaste. Like home.

“Do my tie?”

Will knows perfectly well how to tie a tie, but that fact doesn’t matter at the moment. It is merely an excuse and a grant of permission for Hannibal to stand behind him in the mirror, their eyes meeting and holding a heated gaze as Hannibal's’ fingers tie an elaborate knot with practiced skill and hardly a glance.

“For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.”

Will smiled, his hand reaching back up and cupping Hannibal’s jaw, bring him closer so that Hannibal nuzzles against his ear as Will traces over his cheekbone with his thumb. “Thank you,” he said gently. Hannibal almost doesn’t want to go to their gala tonight, but Will is in Armani and he really does love showing him off. Will is also aware of this, turning his neck to kiss him gently on the lips.

“I’ll drive,” he offered with the quirk of an eyebrow, and they both chuckle a little.

Hannibal was in the middle of a conversation with a woman whose name he didn't care to know, who was leaning a bit too close for comfort when the familiar scent of Will floods his senses and the man in question slides in, taking Hannibal’s elbow.

“Hello, darling,” Will said, letting his drawl slip into his voice. He only ever used a word like darling when he was annoyed or putting on a mask for the rest of the world. They didn’t have a need for them at home. “Want to dance?”

His grip tightens enough that Hannibal can feel his fingernails digging into the skin through the fabric. Maybe it will bruise. He hopes it will.

“Of course,” he answered with a smile, setting down his glass on the nearby trash tray, nodding to the now-scowling woman. “Excuse us.”

Will’s expressions look more genuine as he placed a hand on Hannibal’s shoulder, as Hannibal’s hand moved to rest on Will’s hip as they neatly moved around the dancefloor. Slowly, the jealous, commanding glimmer in Will’s eyes began to fade.

“How chivalrous of you, coming to rescue me from a dreadfully boring conversation,” Hannibal said lightly. Will finally cracked a smile and laughed.

“It was out of selfishness, not chivalry. God forbid you dance with someone other than me, that’s my ring you’re wearing.”

“And I treasure it,” Hannibal replied, glancing at said ring and smiling a fraction wider. “It’s perfect, as are you.”

The faintest hints of a blush appear on Will’s cheeks and he even looks away a little as he smiles. He has become much more accustomed to eye contact, using to his advantage these days, but sometimes shades of the old Will comes back into focus and Hannibal can remember with clarity the first time they met, While hiding behind a pair of glasses, needing that barrier to keep away. There is no need for such a buffer between them now, and Hannibal moves the hand not guiding Will in the dance to tilt his chin up for a kiss.

“I would die for you,” he murmured into it, his heart beating faster as Will smiles into it.

“And would you kill for me?”

“Of course.”

“What bliss,” Will smirked, winking once before, letting himself be swept off his feet for a dip just as the waltz ends.

End Notes

Cookie for you if you get the little reference mixed in there at the end ;)

Please, please leave all the comments and kudos you like! I love responding to them!

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